

Anne. I meane (M. Slender) what wold you with me?
 Slender. Truly, for mine owne part, I wold little or nothing with you: your father and my vnckle hath made motions: if it be my lucke, so; if not, happy man bee his dole, they can tell you how things go, better then I can: you may aske your father, heere he comes.

Page. Now Mr. Slender; Loe him daughter Anne.
 Why how now? What does Mr. Fenter here?
 You wrong me Sir, thus still to haunt my house.
 I told you Sir, my daughter is disposd of.

Fen. Nay Mr. Page, be not impatient.

Mist. Page. Good M. Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you heare me?

Page. No, good M. Fenton.

Come M. Shallow: Come fenne Slender, in;

Knowing my minde, you wrong me (M. Fenton.)

Qui. Speake to Mistris Page.

Fen. Good Mist. Page, for that I loue your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do,

Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manners;

I must aduance the colours of my loue,

And not retire. Let me haue your good will.

An. Good mother, do not marry me to yond foole.

Mist. Page. I meane it not, I seeke you a better husband.

Qui. That's my master, M. Doctor.

An. Alas I had rather be fet quick i'th earth,

And bow'd to death with Turnips.

Mist. Page. Come, trouble not your selfe good M.

Fenton, I will not be your friend, nor enemy:

My daughter will I question how she loues you,

And as I finde her, so am I affected:

Till then, farewell Sir, she must needs go in,

Her father will be angry.

Fen. Farewell gentle Mistris: farewell Nan.

Qui. This is my doing now: Nay, saide I, will you

cast away your childe on a Foole, and a Phytician:

Looke on M. Fenton, this is my doing.

Fen. I thanke thee: and I pray thee once to night,

Giue my sweet Nan this Ring: there's for thy paines.

Qui. Now heauen send thee good fortune, a kinde

heart he hath: a woman would run through fire & wa-

ter for such a kinde heart. But yet, I wold my Maister

had Mistris Anne, or I wold M. Slender had her: or (in

sooth) I wold M. Fenton had her; I will do what I can

for them all three, for so I haue promised, and Ile bee as

good as my word, but speciously for M. Fenton. Well, I

must of another errand to Sir Iohn Falstaffe from my two

Mistresses: what a beast am I to slacke it. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Falstaffe, Bardolfe, Quickly, Ford.

Fal. Bardolfe I say.

Bar. Heere Sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke, put a toft in't.

Haue I liu'd to be carried in a Basket like a barrow of butchers Offall? and to be throwne in the Thames? Wel, if I be seru'd such another trick, Ile haue my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and giue them to a dogge for a New-yeares gift. The rogues slighted me into the riuer with as little remorse, as they would haue drown'd a

blinde bitches Puppies, fiftene i'th litter: and you may know by my size, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in sinking: if the bottome were as deepe as hell, I shold down. I had beene drown'd, but that the shore was sheluy and shallow: a death that I abhorre: for the water sweetles a man; and what a thing should I haue beene, when I had beene swel'd? I should haue beene a Mountaine of Mummie.

Bar. Here's M. Quickly Sir to speake with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sack to the Thames water: for my bellies as cold as if I had swallow'd snow-balls, for pilles to coole the reines. Call her in.

Bar. Come in woman.

Qui. By your leaue: I cry you mercy?

Giue your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these Challices:

Go, brew me a pottle of Sacke finely.

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it selfe: Ile no Puller-Sperfine in my

brewage. How now?

Qui. Marry Sir, I come to your worship from M. Ford.

Fal. Mist. Ford? I haue had Ford enough: I was thrown

into the Ford; I haue my belly full of Ford.

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart) that was not her

fault: she do's so take on with her men; they mistooke

their erection. *(promise)*

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a foolish Woman.

Qui. Well, she laments Sir for it, that it would yem

your heart to see it: her husband goes this morning a

birding; she desires you once more to come to her, be-

tweene eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly,

she'll make you amends I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so: and bidde her

thinke what a man is: Let her consider his frailty, and

then iudge of my merit.

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Betweene nine and ten saist thou?

Qui. Eight and nine Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not misse her.

Qui. Peace be with you Sir.

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of M. Broome: he sent me

word to stay within: I like his money well.

Oh, heere he comes.

Ford. Blesse you Sir.

Fal. Now M. Broome, you come to know

What hath past betweene me, and Fords wife.

Ford. That indeed (Sir Iohn) is my business.

Fal. M. Broome I will not lye to you,

I was at her house the houre she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you Sir?

Fal. very ill-fauouredly M. Broome.

Ford. How so sir, did she change her determination?

Fal. No (M. Broome) but the peaking Curnuto her hus-

band (M. Broome) dwelling in a continual larum of ielou-

sie, comes in the instant of our encounter, after we had

embrast, kist, protested, & (as it were) spoke the prologue

of our Comedy: and at his heeles, a rabble of his compa-

nions, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper,

and (forsooth) to serch his house for his wiues Loue.

Ford. What? While you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare. As good lucke would haue it,

comes in one Mist. Page, giues intelligence of Fords ap-

proch: and in her inuention, and Fords wiues distraction,

they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket.

Ford

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mistris Page, Quickly, William, Evans.

Mist. Page. Is he at M. Fords already think'st thou?

Qui. Sure he is by this; or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistris Ford desires you to come so-dainely.

Mist. Page. He be with her by and by: Ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole: looke where his Master comes; 'tis a playing day I see: how now Sir Hugh, no Schoole to day?

Eua. No: Master Slender is let the Boyes leaue to play.

Qui. Blessing of his heart.

Mist. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband saies my sonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence.

Eua. Come hither William; hold vp your head; come.

Mist. Page. Come on Sirha; hold vp your head; answer your Master, be not afraid.

Eua. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truly, I thought there had bin one Number more, because they say od's-Nownes.

Eua. Peace, your tatlings. What is (Faure) William?

Will. Pletcher.

Qui. Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcats, sure.

Eua. You are a very simplicity o'man: I pray you peace. What is (Lapis) William?

Will. A Stone.

Eua. And what is a Stone (William)?

Will. A Peeble.

Eua. No; it is Lapis: I pray you remember in your praine.

Will. Lapis.

Eua. That is a good William: what is he (William) that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoun; and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominatio hic, hac, hoc.*

Eua. *Nominatio hic, hac, hoc*: pray you marke: *genitiuo huius*: Well: what is your *Accusatiue*-case?

Will. *Accusatiue hinc.*

Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) *Accusatiue hinc, hanc, hoc.*

Qui. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eua. Leau your prables (o'man) What is the *Focatiue* case (William)?

Will. *O, Vocatiue, O.*

Eua. Remember William, *Focatiue*, is caret.

Qui. And that's a good roote.

Eua. O'man, forbear.

Mist. Page. Peace.

Eua. What is your *Genitiue* case plur all (William)?

Will. *Genitiue case?*

Eua. I.

Will. *Genitiue horum, harum, horum.*

Qui. Vengeance of Ginyes case; sic on her; neuer name her (childe) if she be a whore.

Eua. For shame o'man.

Qui. You doe ill to teach the childe such words: hee teaches him to hic, and to hac; which they'll doe fast enough of themselves, and to call *horum*; sic vpon you.

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Eua. O'man